

NATURAL HISTORY.

EXTRAORDINARY SAGACITY AND PERSEVERANCE IN THE CANINE RACE—A letter in the Vermont Sentinel, dated at Troy in that State, gives the following curious incident in a hunter's life:—

During the past year Mr. M. Hayward of Troy, with his two hounds, went in pursuit of game. A fox was soon started, and the dogs, which were well accustomed to the chase, having run together for a long time, pursued with unusual vigour, sending forth at every bound, as they passed the surrounding hills, their well-known cry. He kept within hearing of them the fore part of the day, but in the afternoon they separated and he entirely lost them. He then went home, thinking they would return at night as usual, but they did not arrive.—The next day with a friend, he set out and spent a long time in searching for them, but all proved unsuccessful. Eight days from this two of his neighbours happening to be passing a piece of woods scarcely a mile from his own house, when they chanced to hear a faint howl. They immediately repaired to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, here they found one of the dogs standing at the mouth of the hole in which the fox had burrowed.

The sagacious animal, instead of avoiding them as he always did when strangers approached him, ran to meet them; though so weak and exhausted by hunger, as to be unable to move without the greatest difficulty, waggled his tail, leaped and bounded like the most devoted spaniel when meeting his master after a long separation, as if he knew not how to contain or express his joy at their arrival. He then ran back to the hole and set up a mournful howl of distress, and then again ran back to meet them, and urged them forward by every means in his power, like the most rational being, as if he knew the life of his companion was in the utmost peril.

Tools were immediately procured for digging, and they set themselves to work. As soon as this was done the poor starving animal seemed to be contented, willing to leave his companion with them and come home for the first time during the whole eight days. Here he did not stay longer than was necessary to satisfy his hunger, but immediately went back to see the result. The men after digging to the depth of twelve feet, came in contact with the dog, completely moulded in the solid earth but still alive.

They soon liberated him but not without much difficulty, and the two dogs met apparently with much joy; it was like the meeting of old and cherished absent friends. The hole was then cleared out, upon which the other dog rushed in and brought out the fox; it had long been dead.

It appears that the dogs had burrowed the fox in the afternoon before named, when one of them followed it to the distance of twenty-five feet, he then worked his way back to within twelve feet of the entrance, where a root five or six inches in diameter crossed the hole, this he gnawed off, but in the mean time a large stone had rolled, which blocked up the passage so closely as to leave only a small opening just sufficient to supply him with fresh air; here he remained eight days without a morsel of food, at the same time digging out the hole in order to escape, but which only served to confine him more closely, until at last he could not move at all. During all this time the other dog stood without, calling for assistance, not leaving him once in the whole time—

presenting an example of the most devoted attachment.

FIDELITY OF A DOG.—A fortnight ago, says the Inverness Courier, we announced the melancholy and fatal death by drowning, to a passenger on board the Helen Macgregor steam-boat, while lying at Oban, on her passage from Glasgow. No one on board knew him, nor did any of the villagers; but his funeral rites were performed by a Christian people, and the cause of misfortune aroused their sympathies. They spread the mort cloth over the bier; but the tassels hung loosely—uncleaned—and told he was far from his kinsmen. No fond relative was there, to mourn the loss of a friend; no aged parent, to regret his untimely fate; no orphan boy to weep for the loss of a father; but he went not to the grave unmourned: in addition to the general sympathy, he was followed by an unfeigned mourner, the companion of his toils, his faithful shepherd dog, who, though unaccountably absent at the fatal moment, has given evident signs of extreme attachment to his master. He howled piteously as they bore him away; and, on lowering him into the grave, he could scarcely be restrained from being buried along with him. As the funeral party moved slowly away, the faithful animal remained alone—the mournful image of fidelity and attachment. Nor have the cold blasts of gloomy December forced him from his post; there he still remains; and his fidelity has enlisted the commiseration of the villagers, who give him the necessary food: and, though the common green mound alone marks the grave of the deceased, this faithful animal has supplied him with mourners, and a monumental effigy, more interesting than the most grave or pompous elogium.

REMARKABLE SAGACITY OF A DOG.—On Monday morning, as the Usk (Newport) steamer, Captain Parfit, was proceeding through the lock at Cumberland basin, on her voyage to Newport, a man, named Hobbs, attempted to get on board; the Captain informed him that if he would go to the corner of the pier he would take him in, but if he attempted to jump on the pabble box he would certainly be drowned. The man, however, persisted in endeavouring to jump on the box, and was precipitated into the lock. The paddles were instantly stopped, and almost before the plunge of the man in the water was heard, Captain Parfit's dog (a fine animal of the Labrador breed) sprang overboard, and diving in search of the drowning man, brought him up by the shoulder, and conveyed him to one of the lock-gates, where he could hold on in security. As soon as he saw he could leave the man with safety, the dog swam after and soon returned with his hat in his mouth; and placing his fore-paws on one of the cross timbers of the gate, patiently waited alongside the man until a boat was brought, which conveyed the rash adventurer and his canine deliverer to the shore.

Dr. Franklin observed, "the eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I would neither want fine houses nor fine furniture."

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